I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I do, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeed.
M. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:
And see how he will take it at your hands.
Enter Capulet *and Nurse.*
Ca. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drisle deaw,
But for the Sunset of my brothers sonne,
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girle, what still in teares
Euermore showring in one little body?
Thou counterfaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebbe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouerset
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
La. I sir, but she will none, she giue you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride?
Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
Ca. How, how, how how, chopt logick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud mistresse minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine Ioynts gainst Thursday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out you greene sickneſſe carrio
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you mad
Iu. Good Father, I beſeech y
Heare me with patience, but to
Fa. Hang thee young baggage
I tell thee what, get thee to Chu
Or neuer after looke me in the f
Speake not, replie not, do not an
My fingers itch, wife, we ſcarce
That God had lent vs but this o
But now I ſee this one is one too
And that we haue a curſe in haui
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heauen bleſſe her
You are to blame my Lord to ra
Fa. And why my Lady wiſdom
Good Prudence ſmatter, with y
Nur. I ſpeake no treaſon,
Father, ô Godigeden,
May not one ſpeake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling fool
Vtter your grauitie ore a Goſhi
For here we need it not.
Wi. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me
Day, night, houre, tide, time, wor
Alone in companie, ſtill my care
To haue her matcht, and hauing
A Gentleman of noble parentag
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and
Stuft as they ſay, with honourabl
Proportiond as ones thought wo
And then to haue a wretched pu
A whining mammet, in her fortu
To anſwere, ile not wed, I cannot
I am too young, I pray you pard

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG